That did euer in aboundance dwell,
for me to want, exceeds the throwes of hel.

Enters his little sonne with a top and a scourge.

Son. What aile you father, are you not well, I can=
not scourge my top as long as you stand so: you take
vp all the roome with your wide legs, puh you can=
not make mee afeard with this, I feare no vizards, nor
bugbeares.

Husb, takes vp the childe by the skirts of his long coate in one hand and drawes his dag= ger with th'other.

Hu. Vp sir, for heer thou hast no inheritance left.

Sonne. Oh what will you do father, I am your white
boie.

Hu. Thou shalt be my red boie, take that. *strikes him*

Son: Oh you hurt me father.

Hu. My eldest beggar: thou shalt not liue to aske an
vsurer bread, to crie at a great mans gate, or followe
good your honour by a Couch, no, nor your brother
ris charity to braine you.

Son. How shall I learne now my heads broke?

Hu. Bleed bleed rather then beg beg? *stabs him.*
be not thy names disgrace:
Spurne thou thy fortunes first if they be base:
Come view thy second brother: fates,
My childrens bloud shall spin into your faces,
you shall see.
How Confidently we scorne beggery?

Exit with his Sonne. *En=*

Enter a maide with a child in her armes, the mo= ther by her a sleepe.

M. Sleep sweet babe sorrow makes thy mother sleep,
It boades small good when heauines falls so deepe,
Hush prettie boy thy hopes might haue been better,
Tis lost at Dice what ancient honour won,
Hard when the father plaies awaie the Sonne:
No thing but misery serues in this house.
ruine and desolation oh

Enter husband with the boie bleeding.

Hu: Whore, giue me that boy, *Striues with her for the*
M. Oh help, help, out alas, murder murder, *child.*
Hus. Are you gossiping, prating sturdy queane, Ile
breake your clamor with your neck down staires:
Tumble, tumble, headlong, *Throws her down.*
So, the surest waie to charme a womans tongue
Is break hir neck, a pollitician did it.
Son Mother, mother, I am kild mother,
Ha, whose that cride oh me my children: *Wakes*
both, both, both; bloudy, bloudy. *catches vp the yongest.*
Hu. Strumpet let go the boy, let go the beggar.
Wi. Oh my sweet husband,
Hus. Filth, harlot.
Wi. Oh what will you doe deare husband,
Has. Gine me the bastard,
Wi. Your owne sweet boy,
Hu. There are too many beggars.
Wi. Good my hus=band,
Hu. Doest thou preuent me still?